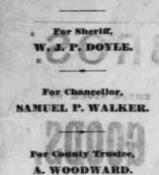
MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, : JUNE 30, 1872. same vein we are inclined to hazard a who have had rule over us since our

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

FOR SHELBY COUNTY.



GEORGE R. POWELL.

| Concept Port | the has shown Grant's disregard of public propriety and morality; how he has sought to convert his office into a personal enginery instead of an obedient day, at high water, one-fourth of the whole volume of water that descends whole volume of water that descends whole volume of water that descends the valley leaves the channel of the river below Cairo, and is diffused over the constant opening it on, with a knowledge of what was in contemplation. These statements are taken from a magnifect of the river below Cairo, and is diffused over the colors most dear and cherished. He

And the second control of the contro

sociates, in the events which followed, Recently we ventured some serious re. in the state of the country under the flections on passing wants. In the management, crimes and hatred of those written for the Sunday Appeal.)

ANOTHER SERIOUS MOOD.

few thoughts in a different direction, subjugation. In the midst of a great conflict, hen the blood is up, when the exultation of the infatuated woman who so willingpassion rises to fierceness, when nothing seems so satisfying as the breath of Long," is an effort of consummate art, battle and the dealing of blows, we are and shows genius of a high order. Her apt to forget that victory is not the end but only the means by which to reach the beneficent end. Much as we desire the election of Horace Greeley, we must the most of Horace Greeley, we must the most well pictured and faithful to the originals. In short the whole story, with remember that the consequences we the motives and actions of the charachope from his election should be the chief scope of our desires, which he and his election can only be potent instrumentalities. We are solving a great problem in these United States. We have announced to the world a new theory of government. We are so certain of its truth that we have boldly decreased and actions of the characters, is consistent. If wisdom is ever learned by experience, the teachings of this book should furnish wisdom for generations to come. Its philosophy cannot be forgotten by the careful reader.

A CAPITAL BLUNDER, OR HISTORI-

tain of its truth that we have boldly de-

CAL PAISEHOOD. clared its fundamental decirines to be "self-evident," standing so high in the war, as often asserted, was the invasion order of truth that they require no proof, of Virginia by John Brown in October, like our own existence, personal identity—the law of cause and effect, and a
few other propositions which philosophers style "first truths." Our problem leading men of Massachusetts, long bemers Crops and Coming Elections.

In a room bare, gloomy and dank,
Ail cheeriess, and sodden, and cold.
Lies a lifeless form on a plank,
Her hair all clotted with mould;
But the rags about her young form
Cannot destroy its fair grace.
And though wreck'd on the waves of Sin's

storm, There's something still sweet in her face. And the babe there cold by her side,
Its mother's mouth has, and her eye;
And so like its vile father—who lief.
And left them slone there to die,
Ohl lurn not away from the scene
With frown or scorn on your face,
But rather in kind pity lean
Above her—and forget her disgrace.

She erst was as pure as the snow

BY QUILP, JR.

And be!—ah, where is his stain?
The world still holds him a MAN,
When he should be branded like Cain,
And his soul sink under the ban.
On woman, more fruit and more weak— The victim of guile and deceit— Mamphis, June 27, 1872.

THE DOUBLE DEATH.

The Story of a Terrible Duel.

The Yosemite Falls, of California, are, no doubt the highest in America. The water makes three distinct leaps from the summit of the ledge before reaching the bed of the stream below. Not far from the head of these falls, and nearly concealed from the view of any passerby, on account of the thick trees which grew around it, stood a cabin of legs, at the time of which we write, ten years since.

It was early one cold winter's morning the You have a knife in your "Yes."

Snecring response.

"I care not to live after having withnessen such a deed."

"Then I will give you a chance for death it will be a double death for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall die again to-day."

"How do you propose to kill me?"

"I propose to fight, now that she no longer lives to claim your protection. Will you fight me?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Enough. You have a knife in your "Enough. You have a knife in your "Enough. You have the

It was early one cold winter's morning that the master of this cabin, in company with his dog, were returning from a hunt. They had been absent during the eutire night, and now, just as daylight was dawning, they were approaching a home where they felt sure of a hearty reception. The man, as he broke through the thicket in view of his cabin, paused, and gazed attentively upon it for a moment. Then he threw the buck which he carried upon his shoulder upon the snow, and shaking his head, he muttered:

"I don't know that anything is wrong here, but I don't feel just right."

At the same moment the dog ran toward the dwelling, and then, returning to his master, uttered a low growl. The man appeared very uneasy, but he hastened forward toward the cabin door. Before he had reached it a woman appeared. It was plain to see that she had been weeping, and she was very pale, and greatly scripted."

Will you fight me?"

"Enough. You have a knife in your belt—that is all you want. I have the same. Come, follow me to death."

"To the head of the falls. Do you fear to follow?"

"I do not. Lead on."

Mark took a coil of rope, probably a hundred feet in length, off a peg, and bore it with him. Reaching the ledge fanking the falls, he affixed one end of the cord firmly around the root of a tree. This done, he started down the cliffs.

"Where are yougoing?" asked Philip, who had been watching him in silence.

"To the pead of the falls. Do you fear to follow?"

"I do not. Lead on."

Mark took a coil of rope, probably a hundred feet in length, off a peg, and bore it with him. Reaching the root of a tree. This done, he started down the cliffs.

"Where are yougoing?" asked Philip, who had been watching him in silence.

"To the opposite ledge, across the falls. You see, in order to reach it, that I must go to the base of the cardaract, cross the stream, and then ascend the other side."

"What is you fight."

Observing that the villain did not even retain his rifle in his grasp, he asked:
"Why, did you not kill me, Mark Webb;"

"Are you anxious to die?" was the

CO, IDLE LAYS PARODY. BY J. A. DACUS.

STRASBOURG.

mous Clock.

STRASBOURG, Alexes, June 1, 1872.

Go, idle lays !
Tell her whose youthful heart beats high
To future days
That now so fair in prespect lie,
How soon our dearest transports die, Tell her, whose cheek

The blush of conscious pleasure wears
That they who seek
To find delights unmixed with cares.
Shall own the fond deceli—in tears.

Say that while charms
Which Hebe's transient presence lends
The bosom warms.
Time's envious breath the canker sends—
That youth's enchanting season ends.

To her whom health With ruddy blushes high illumes, Say that by steadth Disease to pallid wrinktes dooms The cheek that now so sweetly bloom Tell her whose form The partial hand of beauty gave,
That from the worm
Kind pity's touch shall never save
The charms that moulder in the grave.

Go, idle lays!
Tell her whose youthful heart beats high
To future days
That now so fair in prospect lie,
How soon our dearest transports die! Then suffly say
That, when terrestial joys and pain
Shall melt away,
The soul absolved from sensual stains,
Shall soar where bilss immortal reignst.

Mark had the claim of duty from me."

"I remember well, and I resigned you staged the opinion of moustaches, replied: "I always set to that your duty might be performed."

"You did."

"Well, answer my question."

"A wifer on long engagement stages: "The interpretation of it to her. And who ever saw one giggs? Neither those of the second platform, at the termination of the stains, a pice on interpretation of it to her. And who ever saw one giggs? Neither those of the second platform, at the termination of the stains, a pice on interpretation of the tower, is knocked the membership of six hundred. There are nine thousand female operatives in the inty."

"You never believed that Mark would have me."

"You never leave the client the character of an entirely operatives in the inty."

"You never believed that Mark would have me."

"You never leave the client the client work to five communicating our interpretation of it to her. And who ever saw a genter with him."

"You never believed that Mark would have me."

"You never believed that Mark would have me."

"You never believed, white have the wi

which, connected with the clock, show the time also. A quarter before twelve the door that leads to the south transept, Strasbourg-In the Reconquered Prowhere the clock is, is unlocked, and there is always a crowd of strangers inces-Through the City of Strasawaiting admittance, for all of the Apos-tles pass and the cock crows only at hourg -Description of the Fa- |

twelve o'clock noon.

During the hours of service that part of the church where the clock is is closed. At other times strangers can rap on the door and will be admitted by paying a Leaving Basel by the Elsuss and Lothingen railway, you soon pass the frontier, and at the first station baggage is examined. The country from Basel to Strasbourg, between the Rhine and the Vosges, is a low, fertile plain with a clayey soil which does not permit the water to sink into the ground rapidly. The spring has been uncommonly rainy, and the water having little or no means to escape to the Rhine, because of the flatness of the country, a flood was the result, and a large portion of the country, between Basel and Strasbourg is under water, causing considerable loss to the farmers, but the crops are not so far advanced that they will not in a measure recover looks doubtful. There are piaces where the meadows and fields are covered with mud. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes and the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the Voserse had considerable for the weather looks doubtful. There are vineyards on the slopes of the vine profile and the political change small fee. I made some inquiries how the people liked the political change, but they were c Leaving Basel by the Elsass and Lothmud. There are vineyards on the slopes altogether, from twenty thousand to of the Vosges, but not sufficient to equal the demand, and the duty on wine from possible to give an exact number, but France is high, and wine is dear in continuous there is a strong garrison here.